

5 *Some Copy* 10
The Discarded Fair-One.

An HEROICK

39

E P I S T L E

F R O M

H A M I L L A

T O

C E S A R I O.

In the OVIDIAN Stile.



*This to herself she ow'd and owes to you,
This Debt, thus paid, HAMILLA bids adieu,
Forgives herself and hopes Forgiveness too.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Paternoster-Row*. 1745.
[Price Six-Pence.]

The Illustrated Fall-Out

AN ILLUSTRATED

EPITOME



HAMILL

C. E. S. A. R. I. O.

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H A M I L L A to C E S A R I O.

An H E R O I C K

E P I S T L E.

AT Length 'tis done --- *Hamilla's* from you thrown,
The heedless, headstrong, haughty Creature's gone.
She who distress'd your Mate, disturb'd your Ease,
Always displeasing by her Zeal to please.
For ever's gone. ---- This to the World is told, 5
And each lewd Tongue is with her Conduct bold.
One at her Pertness rails, another cries
Her Pride was boundless ---- different Censures rise,
And various Calumnies by her are borne
Whom you have thus expos'd to publick Scorn. 10

BUT

BUT still, tho' thus rejected and despis'd,
Hamilla boasts a Spirit unsurpriz'd;
 Lost tho' her Fortune, still her Heart is right,
 And she dares seek the Cause of all this Spight;
 Of private Rancour, of dissembled Hate, 15
 Of causeless Rage and of her faultless Fate.
 She dares for twelve long Years her Deeds review,
 And from the brainless Mob ---- appeal to ---- You.

To You *Cesario* ---- who alone can tell
 How ill she's treated who deserv'd so well. 20
 Say, for what hidden Cause, what secret Spleen,
 Has lost *Hamilla* so ill treated been.
 Thy self defend, make all her Follies known,
 And with some new Court Secrets glad the Town.
 If silent thou, and deaf to her Desire, 25
 At least with Patience let the Wretch inquire.
 Let her explore the secret, dark Design,
 And thus blown up ---- to others point the MINE.

It was not sure that warm with vig'rous Fire,
 You might at Will to various Nymphs aspire, 30



The Charms of dear Variety to prove,
And rove unquestion'd through the Wilds of Love.

This could not be the Cause. Alas! the Power
Is long since lost, thy Spirits rise no more,
And all the Heyday of thy Blood is o'er.

35

Yet this perhaps to some you may pretend,
And *Sanguinax*, your true and trusty Friend,
May vouch the Tale, or wise *Bodanus* join
His well known Credit in support of thine,
Or all in a *Triumvirate* combine.

40

IN *Mé* perhaps alone the Error lies,
And as my Years increase my Beauty flies.
A common Case! and so the better borne,
A Batter'd *Belle* is frequently forlorn.

Yet if my Glass be to its Owner true,
Or other Men at least as young as you,
My Bloom is not yet lost, nor does the Fire
Which once my Eyes confess'd, as yet expire.

45

Still without Vanity I may compare,
The tender Stock of Charms which yet I wear
At least, with any other courtly Fair.

50

BUT O my Temper, that's extremely bad!
How long, dear Lord! have I this Temper had?

There

There was a Time when all *Hamilla* said
 The great *Cesar* soon as spoke, obey'd. 55
 There was a Time when all she did was right,
 If not in others, in *Cesar*'s Sight.
 How is her Humour chang'd! how chang'd her Mind!
 Does her Sense fail, or Wit grow less refin'd?
 Both these unboasted and unknown had been, 60
 If not by Thee thou best of Judges seen.
 Thou call'dst them forth by thy continual Praise,
 Tho' now you try to sink as well as raise,
 And those to whom you praised them will pretend 65
 A Right perhaps her Talents to commend;
 Perhaps these very Lines which you must blame,
 May sanctify to them my Right to Fame.

PERCHANCE I yet am wrong, and some bright Maid,
 By Charms transcendant has your Heart betray'd. 70
 Yet were it so, Fame's Trumpet would have told,
 Who 'twas that had with such a Prize made bold.
Keyberus would the mighty Conquest sung,
 And all the World e'er this had with it rung.
 But since nor Ode sublime nor Satire rude, 75
 Hints at a RIVAL, safely I conclude
 Your Heart's your own, this idle Dream refell'd,
 And I by no superior Power expell'd.

SOME Sycophants indeed have fram'd a Tale,
 Which at first hearing chang'd *Hamilla* pale, 80
 They said 'twas Conscience, Virtue, Lord knows what,
 That on a sudden had resum'd her Seat,
 And in the very Dawning of her Reign,
 Compell'd *Cesar* to this Act with Pain.
 But I who know your Fortitude of Soul, 85
 And how you all such Struggles can controul,
 Soon from my Heart expell'd this groundless Fear,
 And did *Cesar*'s Courage Justice there.
 While to my Charms I equal Tribute paid,
 Nor of a PHANTOM longer am affraid. 90

ONE Cause and only one there yet remains,
 The single certain Source of all my Pains,
 That Cause *Cesar* do not dread to hear,
 Ev'n Kings sometimes to Truth vouchsafe an Ear;
 'Tis thy INCONSTANCY, thy Thirst of Change, 95
 A secret settled Love thou hast to range.
Vanilla once in Death confess'd it true,
 In me again it meets the publick View.
 Less fatal now, for know, *Hamilla* dares
 Despise her Loss, and bid adieu to Cares. 100

Can calm her Breast and triumph o'er her Fate,
By that unconquer'd Spirit which you hate.

Urg'd on by that, she this bright Mirror holds,
And great *Cesar* to himself unfolds,
Shews whence this sudden Burst of Soul proceeds, 105
And once assigns a Motive for his Deeds.

THIS to herself she ow'd and ow'd to You,
This Debt, thus paid, *Hamilla* bids adieu,
Forgives herself and hopes Forgiveness too.



F N I S.

